Mountain camp
Huge Mountain DADDY
ADULTS EROTIC SEX STORIES FOR WOMEN ROUGH TABOO AGE-GAP OLDER MAN YOUNGER VIRGIN SHORT NOVELS
IZZIE VEE

Huge Mountain Daddy: Adults Erotic Sex Stories for Women

Rough Taboo Age-Gap Older Man Younger Virgin Short Novels

Steamy, Forced & Forbidden Romance

IZZIE VEE

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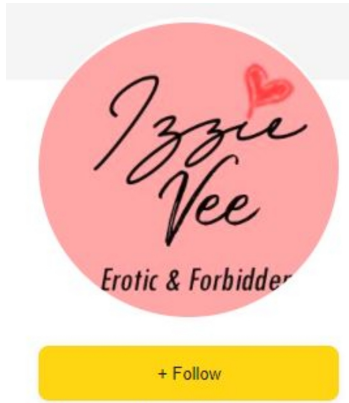

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Chapter 1

Jenna

"I can't believe you're really doing this?" I heard my mom say as I stuffed clothes into my little suitcase. I then pressed my knees into it and forced the zipper around the perimeter before I bolted upright with a sigh and scraped away the hair that had fallen to my face.

"Yeah, me neither, but this is a good thing, Mom, I promise," I said with a grin.

She still didn't look all too convinced, but I knew she wouldn't press the issue for long.

"Yes, but I still think it's a bit reckless that you're traveling across the country for this. You could have bought a cabin from anywhere."

I sighed. "Yes, but I fell in love with this particular one."

She shook her head and rubbed her temple. "Well, I guess the only thing left for me to say is good luck and wish you a safe travel," she smiled.

"Thank you. Don't worry, Mom; I'm just going to see how the area is and then I'll be back before you know it," I smiled.

She raised her brow and said nothing after, but I knew there was judgment there. As she hurried off to the living area, I finished getting my things together before I took a bath and got dressed. Mom was still waiting to bring me to the airport as I pulled my suitcase and carry-on into the living room.

The drive to the airport was fairly silent except for when my mom would talk about the trip and that I should call as soon as I got there. I had too much on my mind to talk, and so much my mom had no idea about. This trip was more than just buying a cabin in the middle of nowhere – it was a getaway trip.

"Ok, baby, I love you. Be safe," she said as she dropped me off and helped me to get my things out of the car.

"I love you too, Mom," I said as she hugged me tightly. The tears threatened to spill, but I swallowed the lump in my throat and tried to compose myself as best as I could.

I waved and blew kisses at her until I couldn't see her anymore. Finally, the tears fell and didn't stop falling even as I boarded the airplane and took my seat at the window. I knew it was stupid, but I couldn't help myself. I hadn't allowed myself to cry ever since it

happened but now, in the most unlikely circumstances, I was pouring my eyes out on a fucking plane. The lady seated beside me looked at me strangely but didn't bother to ask if I was okay and I was happy for that. I just needed to bask in my own self-pity and use this trip as an opportunity to unwind.

Clearing my throat, I mustered the courage to check my Instagram. His particularly. I heard through the grapevine that things were becoming serious, and if I knew Emma well, I knew she would have something on her social media.

I was right. As I scrolled through her profile, I clicked on her recent story and saw them cuddled up together in bed with the caption, 'The best part of my day.' My heart sank as I stared at the images of laughing faces and bodies snuggled up under sheets. The happiness was evident on their faces while mine was withering and trembling with tears that fell harder with each passing second.

It had been two weeks, but I was still not over it. How could I be when I had thought he was the love of my life and she was my best friend.

I choked out a sob and the lady's head snapped to mine, her blue eyes moving up and down my face, her forehead wrinkled with curiosity.

"Are you alright, dear?" She asked.

I cleared my throat and aimlessly wiped at my face. "Yeah, I'm fine. I'm sorry," I said before she gave me one last glance before turning her head back to the front.

I heaved a sigh and adjusted my neck pillow, trying to clear my head as I prepared myself for the long ride.

***

I took in a whiff of fresh air as soon as I stepped out of the airport and zipped up my fleece jacket. There was a subtle glow of sun that tried to bore through thick white clouds and the wind was still a bit chilly, but that was expected for Alaska.

The taxi service I had called was out in the parking lot. I hopped in and searched up the directions I'd been given from the seller and gave it to the driver, who looked too old to be working.

As we drove, my eyes remained focused outside. The melting snow, the vast amount of greenery with the houses neatly tucked between. This town was a small one, and I could see that now. See how everyone looked at me, a mere stranger, as I looked at them through

the untinted glass.

“You have folks around here, ma’am?” The driver asked, bringing my attention to the front.

I cleared my throat. “Er, no. Just interested in property.”

“I see,” he mumbled.

I fiddled for the keys that had been sent through the mail as soon as the car dribbled to a stop. I was anxious and excited, my fingers barely able to grasp anything. I grabbed it and smiled, my head popping up to finally see where we had parked. My brows furrowed, and I looked at the driver, who met my gaze in the rear view.

I swallowed and shook my head, looking at the structure before us and then at him. “Are you sure this is the right place?” I asked, slowly feeling the blood drain from my face.

“I’ve been in this town all my life ma’am. I know it like the back of my hand. Unless the directions you gave weren’t correct.”

I shuffled for my phone and searched for the directions again before reciting it to him.

“Yep, this the one.”

“That can’t be possible!” I snapped, looking at the building which was nothing like I saw in photos and videos.

“Well, we can stay here and chat about it all you want, but it’s gonna cost you extra,” he said as he began to chew on something, resting his hand against the door.

I scoffed and pulled out some money before I handed it to him. He shoved the door open with a squeak and went around the back to pull my suitcase out. I stood at the door, flabbergasted, unable to believe what I was really looking at. The driver came and placed my belongings at my feet, standing beside me as we both gazed at the property.

“So I’m figuring this is the property you were talking about?” He said as he dug into his pocket and brought out a cigarette and a light. I didn’t answer him; I was too shocked to produce words as a series of emotions passed through me.

The old driver popped the cigarette in his mouth, lit it and chuckled. “This old junk has been sitting like this for years. I bet Rosco wanted a quick penny and figured he’d make a scam out of it.” A cloud of smoke passed across my nostrils, tickling them.

“Good luck, missy. You’ll need it for that neighbor of yours, too,” he

laughed before he moved around to the driver's seat and started the engine.

Tears pricked my eyes as he drove off and left me standing there by myself. The emotions overflowed me. I felt hot despite the cool weather, and my hands were shaking.

With a sniff, I pulled my suitcase along the dirt road to the cabin which looked like it hadn't had life in it since it was built. I climbed the short steps of the porch and was welcomed with creaky floorboards, which had a few missing pieces. The log structure was weathered, and plants had begun to grow on the walls.

Hoping that inside would be better, I pushed the keys through the dingy lock and pushed it open. I stepped inside and a cloud of cobwebs had me stepping back and clawing at my face. Though the inside was better than the outside, it vastly smelled like mildew, and there was a hole in the roof with a rotting patch of floorboard right beneath.

I muttered a curse and stepped further inside, using my hands to clear the path in front of me. The furniture was alright but needed some polishing and maybe some renovations. The house needed some deep cleaning, and some changes needed to be made.

With a huff, I fished out my phone and dialed the number to the seller, but it went straight to voicemail.

"Fuck," I exclaimed, slamming the device onto the small, circular table.

I got up and decided to walk around the outside, looking at the amount of work that needed to be done on a property I thought was spotless. But the longer I stood there, gazing out, the more I could hear a sound in the distance. My ears perked up, and my head snapped around as I tried to see where it was coming from in the vastly vegetated area.

I began to walk and found that the noise was becoming louder the closer I went. It became obvious what it was – it was chopping wood, and I paused in my tracks as the revelations came. I thought back to what the taxi driver said and suddenly remembered I had a neighbor. One who wasn't so friendly by the sound of it.

I wondered if I should even approach. I was a stranger who didn't know my way around the place and was basically in the middle of nowhere.

But it was too late to turn back because he was just a few meters away, and he would see me if I made the slightest movement. But it

wasn't like I could move anyway. Not when I was so entranced by this being. He was placing logs on a stump and splitting them with an axe, his muscles swelling with each hit he took. His arms were probably the size of my legs, bulging each time he swung.

I'd never seen a man like that in my entire life; my mouth was probably on the dewy ground, and my heart had already started to pick up pace. I swallowed hard and was just about to turn back when he looked up, and our gazes locked.

My cheeks flamed as I watched him stare at me under bushy brows.

He straightened up, his gaze questioning.

I swallowed hard and approached him, ignoring the weakness in my legs.

"Hi," I said upon reaching his cabin, which was what I'd expected mine to be. He was in full view now, his narrow hips covered in a pair of denim pants that clung to his toned legs. It was a wonder how he was out in the chill, shirtless.

"Not interested in anything you have to sell," he said, his voice thick and bassy – almost like thunder.

I bit the inside of my lips and allowed myself to take in his bare back that he now turned to me. His dark hair grew past his shoulders in soft waves, a few streaks of silver interspersed.

"Ugh, I'm not selling anything. I er – I brought the house across from here."

"Hmm," he said, splitting a log that had me flinching.

I cleared my throat. "Do you know the previous owner?" I asked.

He sighed, his shoulders dropping slightly as he paused and turned around to look at me. His eyes were grey, I could see that now, and a scar ran right through his right brow, separating the hair to make it easily mimic a slit. A long beard covered half his face, but his lush pink lips couldn't be mistaken. I could see that he was handsome – just rugged and intimidating.

There was something about the way he looked at me that made a shiver run up my spine. His gaze ran along the length of me, and I could swear I saw something flash across his eyes before he quickly turned back around to continue the task at hand.

"I know you're probably dumb or desperate to buy that dump."

My skin burned with embarrassment as I stared up at him. I was taken aback by his words but knew I couldn't contest them, knowing I

was exactly what he described.

“It just needs a few repairs. I brought it at a good price.”

“I bet,” he said dryly as he put his axe down, turned around and moved past me.

On instinct, without even giving it a thought, I reached out and grabbed his hand, fearing he would head inside and close the door in my face.

My heart slammed in my chest when he paused in his tracks, my slender fingers not even fully wrapped around his wrist. My body grew heated, and liquid heat pooled between my legs, taking me off guard. I’d not expected such a reaction towards a man – him at least.

He slowly turned to me, his piercing grey eyes holding mine before they traveled to the area where our bodies touched. My heart thrummed even faster as I was face to face with him now, my neck craned so high I feared it would ache later.

I swallowed hard and slipped my hand from around his. I still couldn’t find the words right away – I was seemingly paralyzed by his presence and the effect he had on me.

“D– do you know someone I could call for repairs?” I asked, hating the way my voice sounded.

“No,” he said and my gaze fell to the patchy ground.

Without another word, the beast left for his cabin, his footsteps like thunder against the pleading hardwood floor.

Pulling in a breath, I tried to calm my raging nerves. I didn’t understand what was happening to my body, and I didn’t understand why it was the case with a man who was as cuddly as a cactus. I’ve never ached for a man before – not even my ex. Yet, one touch from a mere stranger, and I was already feeling the urge to satisfy myself. But I had bigger problems at hand – one this man couldn’t help me with. It reminded me why I should still be angry for the mess I was welcomed with.

Pulling my phone from my pocket, I marched back to the cabin, scrolling through my contacts while simultaneously hopping over fallen trees in my path. I paused as soon as I reached the cabin door and sent out the call to Rosco Miller – the man I’d been foolish enough to buy from. It rang three times before I heard a beep, which ended the call.

“Shit!” I spat, raking my fingers through my hair. “Fucking perfect!” I exclaimed as my lips trembled for what I knew to be impending

tears.

My phone shrilled and my heart swelled with hope, but quickly deflated as soon as I saw that it wasn't who I wanted it to be. It was my mom instead.

I took a seat and rested my elbow against my knee as I brought the phone to my ear. "Hey, Mom…"

"Sweetheart, you said you'd call.." she said with some disappointment to her voice.

"I know, Mom and I'm sorry. I just literally settled in."

"Oh… how is it?" She asked, her voice raising a bit.

My eyes scanned the confines of the room, and I faked a smile as if she were right in front of me. "It's just as I imagined. It's really great, Mom." I cringed at myself for the lie.

"That's great, sweetheart. Send pictures!"

I bit my lips. "Er, maybe tomorrow when I've sorted out the internet here."

"Okay, honey. Well, I won't keep you. I know you must be tired and pretty excited. Stay safe, okay."

"Will do, Mom. Love you."

"I love you too."

The phone call ended, and the tears that had threatened to spill earlier came tumbling down. My body trembled as I bawled my eyes out, unable to believe this was the bad luck my life had turned into. I had expected this would be a getaway for a new beginning, but it was as tragic as my life was at the current moment.

I stayed crying and sniffing, hiccupping for what seemed like hours before the tears stopped, and I forced myself to get up from my stupor and face my problems head-on.

It would be dark soon, and I didn't have any blankets and hadn't even bothered to check myself in at a motel.

Muttering a curse, I pulled my suitcase to the bedroom, which was surprisingly not as bad as the living room. The furniture was still in good quality, and it was quite cozy. I pulled a few things from my suitcase, stuffed them in the large tote and closed the door behind me.

The town was visible from where I was and maybe about ten minutes' walk. With a sigh, I slung the bag over my shoulders and began my walk. The crisp fresh air really motivated me – a stark contrast from the air-polluted city. I saw a few trees and fallen

branches before stepping on asphalt, which really felt like civilization.

I couldn't help my smile as I walked toward a bar with a few people outside. I figured someone would know a hotel around here and someone who could fix the busted roof, and hey, I was pretty hungry too.

As soon as I stepped inside, the place quieted to whispers, and I must have sprouted a second head with how everyone looked at me. I swallowed hard and managed a tight smile at the enquiring eyes before I walked to the front, my footsteps piercing through the silence like a two-edged sword.

The whispers got louder before it was back to the usual ruckus with some jazz music playing in the background. I pulled out a stool and took a seat at the counter, happy to be looking at a variety of drinks instead of faces.

But I must've spoken too soon because soon after, a blonde slid in front of me with a smile on her wide lips, curiosity in her pale blue eyes.

"Visiting for the summer?" She asked as she wiped a glass behind the counter.

"Er– I guess you could say that," I smiled back.

"Welcome to Nevis. What can I get you?"

She shoved a laminated menu before me, allowing me a few seconds to scan the contents.

"A double cheeseburger and fries would be good, thanks." I said.

"Any drink to go with that?"

"Actually, could I have some coffee."

"Of course," she said before moving through the back double doors.

I fiddled with the straps of my bag while I waited, my eyes scanning the fairly packed bar. I met eye contact with a few men who nodded and winked at me, holding their beers high before they chuckled and went to whisper amongst their peers. A shiver snaked up my back, and it suddenly dawned on me that I was in a strange place with strange people. I didn't know anyone, and if anyone of them wanted to do anything to me, there wasn't much I could do to stop it.

"Here ya go." I gasped when a voice spoke to me, but as my head snapped around, I realized it was the waitress with my coffee.

"Sorry I startled you."

“Don’t worry; thanks,” I smiled.

She nodded. “Your food will be out shortly.”

I nodded. “Er, can I ask you something..?”

“Of course.”

“Do you know any motels around here. I did a silly thing of not booking one before I came here.”

She grinned. “Of course. There’s one about a mile up the road. I could ask one of the boys to take ya,” she said as her gaze traveled over my shoulders to the men behind.

She must’ve seen the look on my face because she was quick to continue. “There’s no need to worry about them, honey. Everyone is like family here. They might tease or look like beasts, but I swear, they’re all harmless,” she winked.

I managed a smile, but just then, the room quieted, and the whispers started to float around. I figured another tourist had stepped in, but as I spun around to see who it was, I realized it was the giant from earlier – my neighbor. He filled out the door, little natural light being able to pass through. His gaze scanned the room and the persons inside snapped their heads around as if they hadn’t even seen him to begin with. This time he wore a black T-shirt with a black jacket strapped over his broad shoulders.

“Well, I can’t say the same for this one,” the waitress whispered.

My brows furrowed and fear crept up my spine. “He’s dangerous?”

“Just as he looks, sweetheart. I’d steer clear of that one. He’s done a few years in prison for murdering someone.”

I felt as if the blood drained from my face. “What?”

“He got out after a retrial but, come on, the guy is as guilty as he looks,” she scoffed.

I swallowed hard and glowered at my steaming cup of coffee that I suddenly had no appetite for.

“Wh– what’s his name?”

She leaned into me and whispered, “Cullen,” which sent a small tremor through my body.

I cleared my throat. “Can you make my order to go, please? And I’d really appreciate that ride you mentioned earlier.”

She nodded. “Of course.”

I turned my head to the side and saw Cullen seated in a corner, his

chair seeming as if it were made for a toddler and not a man. He already had a beer in hand, drinking it occasionally while his gaze scanned the place. Then suddenly, he turned, and our gazes locked. My first thought was to look away, but I found that hard to do. It was like a magnetic field that pulled me closer to him. His eyes squinted, and there was some question in his eyes as they darkened. Heat evaded my body again; if it weren't for the waitress I would probably be burning myself alive.

"That'll be five ninety-nine."

My head snapped to the counter where the waitress had my order wrapped in a brown paper bag.

"Oh, thank you," I said as I dug through my bag and paid the bill.

"I'm Lilly, by the way."

"Jenna."

"Nice to meet you, Jenna and enjoy your stay," she said, waving over a guy who was there in seconds. "Pete here will get you to the motel safe and sound."

I smiled. "Thank you."

"Don't mention it."

As I collected my things, I couldn't help but give one more glance to Cullen who was staring back at me as I looked at him. His jaw visibly hardened, but I tore my gaze away before he could do anything else.

Chapter 2

Jenna

I twisted and turned in the queen-sized bed. Though it was comfortable with thick, soft blankets, I just couldn't sleep. How could I when there was so much to consider? Suddenly the repairs at the house had seemingly gone on the back burner and all I could think about was the ex-convict living beside me. How could I even go back knowing that we were the only persons around that area in about half a mile? Who's to say I didn't already piss off this man who maybe had it out for me?

Muttering a curse, I flashed off the sheets and flung my legs over the side of the bed. I reached for my phone on the bedside table and walked to the adjoining balcony at the side. I'd expected less when I initially thought of a motel, but this was more like a bed and breakfast vibe without the breakfast. It was like a mansion that someone had decided to profit off. I rubbed my shoulders as soon as I went outside and was met with the cold morning air. I had half a mind to go back in and get a jacket, but I wouldn't be long anyway, and I really couldn't get over the fresh air.

I searched for Rosco's number again while I gazed at the beautiful lawn ahead. People were walking their dogs, and though it was early, the town ahead seemed to be in full swing. I almost breathed a sigh when I heard a hello on the other end of the line, but my frustrations came back and so did my anger as soon as I heard his voice.

"I really can't believe you!" I spat.

"What's the matter Ms. Hendricks?"

"What's the matter? You scammed me and made me believe that the house I was coming to was what I saw in the pictures–"

"It is!" He cut in.

"Bullshit! There's a freaking busted roof and floor. Grass has taken over the whole place, and some things have started to mildew!" I ranted.

He was silent, and that aggravated me even more. I could feel my ears burning as anger fueled through me. "I need you to fix it, or I'm calling my lawyer!" I threatened.

"Okay, okay, I'm sorry, okay? I knew the place wanted some TLC, but I never knew it was that bad. I haven't been to Nevis in years! I

didn't–"

"That's no excuse!" I cut in.

He sighed. "Okay, true. Listen, I'll send someone over today to do the repairs and get you whatever else you need, okay?"

I bit my lips, not hating the way that sounded. I guess that could work, seeing I didn't completely hate the place. "Fine."

"Great!"

Another thought came to me. "And why didn't you tell me I was living next to an ex-convict!"

"Who? Cullen? He was found not guilty. The guy's innocent!"

"Well, you seem to be the only one around here who believes that," I said as I rolled my eyes.

"Listen, Cullen isn't going to hurt you. You have nothing to worry about."

"You said the same thing about the cabin!" I snapped back.

His heavy sigh came. "Trust me on this one. He's a good guy. Just not the friendliest."

"Hmm. Anyway, you better not be shitting me about someone coming for the repairs. You don't want to piss me off further, Mr. Miller."

"Someone will be there before you know it. My apologies again, Ms. Hendricks."

"Okay," I said before I hung up the phone and breathed a sigh of resignation. There was some relief, but I still felt some trepidation over the whole Cullen thing. I'd like to take Rosco's word for it, but that did little for me in the past.

I flopped back down on the bed, staring at the ceiling and the fan in the center that looked like it hadn't been used in decades. I felt the urge to check my ex's social media, but I had to quickly remind myself that this trip was so I wouldn't think about them and the betrayal that they had done to me. I didn't want to think about them, but each time I was alone for too long with my thoughts, with nothing to do, it was all I could do.

With a huff, I peeled myself off the bed, deciding on an early morning. Half an hour later, I was at the bar slash diner, getting some coffee.

Lilly came from around the back, sporting a smile on her face as soon as she saw me.

“Well, hey there. You look well rested,” she said as she settled in front of me on the other end of the counter.

“I am, thanks to you.”

“Don’t mention it. I’m glad I could help.”

I smiled.

She lingered there as she looked around and scratched her head. I could tell there was something else she wanted to say, and she didn’t hold back.

“So word around here is you bought Rosco’s cabin,” she said, raising a brow.

My mouth fell open. “Wow, news travels fast around here,” I laughed drily.

She laughed. “Yeah, one of the woes of a small town.”

“I see, but yeah, I did.”

“Was that why you kinda freaked out yesterday and left when I told you about Cullen? Him being your neighbor and all.”

I trapped a lock of hair behind my ear and cleared my throat. “Kinda, yeah,” I said as I smiled stiffly.

“I didn’t mean to freak you out–”

“No, no, I’m glad you told me,” I quickly said.

She bit her lips and sighed. “Hey, he was found not guilty after all. Maybe he didn’t do it,” she shrugged, but she wasn’t convinced, and neither was I.

I finished my coffee while Lilly and I engaged in a little chit-chat. Once done, we said our goodbyes, and I started walking around the town, eye shopping and actually shopping for a few blankets and food for the rest of the week, assuming Rosco was true to his word and would have someone come by today. Nevertheless, I held onto the hope that someone would.

A taxi brought me back to the cabin a couple of hours later. As I climbed out and went towards the cabin, I paused when I heard a noise. I placed the shopping bags on the busted floor and moved around the side, a scream piercing through my lips and my heart almost galloping through my chest when I saw a half-naked Cullen around the side.

His eyes fell on me as he paused in his tracks, a long shiny machete in hand.

I swallowed hard, my heart beating too fast. “W– what are you doing here?” I asked, unable to help myself from looking at his toned chest or bulky arms — the huge bulge in his tight jeans. Get a hold of yourself, Jenna!

“What does it look like?” He quipped with an edge to his voice.

My eyes widened as a thought came to me. “Did Roscoe send you?” I asked in disbelief and wonder.

“Hmm,” he grunted before he twisted the machete in his hand and chopped off a vine from the house.

That asshole!

I swallowed and crossed my arms. “I thought you didn’t know anyone who did this sorta thing,” I challenged.

He shot me a glance before he was back to doing his task. I almost rolled my eyes as I stomped inside the house and grabbed a broom that was perched in a corner. I cleaned the bedroom, changed the dirty ruffled sheets and replaced them with some new ones I bought. I’d expected to feel some fear and discomfort knowing that a potential criminal was right outside, but I didn’t. It was weird that I didn’t feel fear when it came to Cullen – only desire.

Around midday, he was on the roof, repairing the hole. There was not much I could think about with the constant banging, but I figured I would make some sandwiches.

As I was preparing to bring them out, he appeared at the door, still shirtless, his body glistening with sweat and from the warm glow of the sun reflecting off his skin. That familiar weakness appeared in my knees again as I stared at him. Things were happening to my body that I couldn’t understand. It was strange, and even stranger was that he was a stranger.

“I’m done with the roof, but I’ll have to get some more supplies for the floor,” he said. “I’ll come back in a day or two to fix it,” he said.

I nodded, clearing my throat. “Y–yeah. I er – I made some sandwiches if you’d like,” I said, shoving the platter towards him, a smile on my face.

His eyes moved to the tray in hand before returning to my face. “I’m good.”

“Please. It’ll go to waste if you don’t help me eat it,” I said.

He was silent as he looked at me as if contemplating what to do. It felt like forever before he grunted and moved toward me, taking off a triangular piece.

I smiled as I moved to the small table in the corner and placed the tray on it, gesturing towards the empty chair.

“I have beer, too, if you’d like.”

A glint appeared in his eyes. “Thanks.”

Feeling accomplished, I dashed toward the fridge and pulled one from it before I returned to him. “They’re not too cold as yet, seeing I just bought them.”

“It’s fine,” he said as he popped the cap open and took a gulp.

“My name is Jenna, by the way.”

“Cullen,” he said.

“I know.”

His gaze flickered to mine. “Did your research or did the town’s people volunteer the info?”

My cheeks flamed. “Er–”

“I take it it’s the latter,” he said as he eased back in his chair and looked at me.

“Yeah, what can I say? Small town, fast gossip.”

He nodded. “You catch on fast, but you really shouldn’t believe everything you hear.”

“I know that.”

“What do you think… Jenna?” He asked, the sound of my name on his lips causing heat to course through me. I folded my legs.

“I er… I don’t know. I don’t know you,” I stuttered.

He seemed to think on it for a few seconds before he stood with his beer in hand and picked up another slice of sandwich. “I should get going; have a nice day.”

I stood, too, almost falling over the chair from the haste I moved. Cullen reached out and grabbed my arm, steadying me before I was face-first with the ground.

“Easy there, tiger,” he said, hands planted on my waist.

My brain was all fuzzy from his touch. Somehow, the fear of a possible injury didn’t shake me as much as his grip on me. His hands were warm and big, and I could feel the heat from them move past my clothes and radiate on my skin–a warmth that spread through my body, hardened my nipples and caused the area between my legs to pool with need. He looked down at me, and I could see the intensity

there – how his eyes darkened and his gaze spoke to me. I was compelled by them, wanting to seek out more from this strange situation. My body was humming with need, and I knew that the only person capable of ridding me of it was the man standing right in front of me.

I moved closer toward him, acting off his touch that still sizzled through my body. Not a single logical thought could be formed in my head at the moment; all I wanted to do was act on the desire lunging through me.

My lips were inches from his as I went on tiptoes, almost desperate to feel his lips on mine. The closer I drew to him, the more I could feel the woodsy scent of his body, a whiff of cologne that had faded during the hard labor.

I was just an inch away from having my fantasy turn into reality when he shifted a little and whispered, “I’ll see you around, Jenna.”

I swallowed the lump in my throat as my skin flustered, my body seemingly drenched with a bucket of cold water. His hand fell from my body as he stepped away, giving me one last glance and then he was gone.

“Shit, shit!” I exclaimed, smacking myself in the head as I scolded myself. I couldn’t believe what had just happened. I couldn’t believe I threw myself on a man like that. A man who was obviously not interested in me. A man who had served time!

What the hell was wrong with me? I asked myself. Maybe my brain was still messed up from the Kyle and Emma affair, but it still didn’t explain my feelings toward Cullen. I had never felt this way before – I’d never ached so much for a man in my entire life. Though the feeling was alien, there was nothing I wanted more than to explore these feelings. I wanted him in every way possible; it was that simple.

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That night, I was reckless, but Cullen was the only thing I had on my mind. Not the fact that he was an ex-con; I just wanted him more than I had ever wanted anything in my life.

A part of me told me to forget whatever desire I had looming inside of me, but I knew it wouldn’t be that easy. The rejection had been harsh, but it didn’t make me want him any less. I was still hot and bothered, desperate to have his hands on me again. But the likelihood of that happening was slim.

Even now, as I lay in bed, his robust body was all I could think

about and what it would feel like to have it against me. I felt a tingling between my thighs that filled me with an instant need to satiate. My heart started beating fast as I snuck my hand beneath the sheets and under the waistband of my panties.

The breath hitched in my throat as my middle finger ran along my wet slit, which oozed with liquid heat. There was no denying what my body wanted, and though I couldn't have the real thing yet, I still had to seek release somehow.

My fingers started to move back and forth, gently parting the folds of flesh to explore deeper. When it slid over my hardened clit, I almost gasped with the pleasure that suddenly coursed through me.

I adjusted myself in the bed and bit my lips as I rubbed the most sensitive spot into circles. I moaned as I thought back to Cullen and what it would be like to have him do this. Of course, his fingers would be much bigger as they left my clit and went to my drenched hole.

As I drove my finger inside my warmth, my back arched on the bed, and I gripped the sheets with another hand. I drove that finger back and forth, listening to the sound of my aroused sex. It made me even wetter, filling me with the urge to go deeper.

I closed my eyes as I did just that, an array of pleasure filling me. But the longer I pleasured myself, the more the need increased. I decided to add another finger, my lips parting as a sigh left my lips. I was soaked and knew that the evidence would probably be visible on the sheets when I was finished.

Still, I didn't stop. Two fingers felt like I was stretched to the limit – like the way I'd want Cullen to stretch me with his manhood. I went deeper, envisioning him in my mind.

He filled me with deep strokes while he towered over me, his hips rolling back and forth as my insides convulsed around him. My body moved on the bed by the force of his thrusts, his full length buried to the hilt. Just then, I shoved my fingers to the limit until I felt a barrier and stiffened as a bolt of pleasure riddled my body.

I wanted this to go on as long as possible but knew I didn't have much time with Cullen's face in mind. I let my fingers stay buried, flickering them on my flesh and moaning as the pleasure increased inside me. It grew gradually while my heart raced frantically. I lifted my ass off the bed and whimpered as my orgasm crashed into me.

Pulling my fingers out, I went to thrash my clit, my body quivering as I climbed the high of my release.

I was breathing heavily in the aftermath; sweat beaded on my

forehead while the temperature in the room rose a few degrees. I clamped my legs shut, still basking in the small aftershocks that riddled my form.

I felt so light afterward, like I'd been carrying a load that had been lifted off my shoulders. It was great, but as amazing as it was, I knew I'd never truly be satisfied until I got the real thing.

Chapter 3

Cullen

Just when I thought I'd secluded myself enough from people, she had to come along. One of the reasons for living away from people was the peace it brought. Plus, I knew that a few people probably felt better with me some distance away from them.

When I had bought the old log cabin, I'd been aware of the other one behind me. I just never thought someone would really buy the place.

I never expected that it would be someone so pretty, either. The very first day, I'd thought I'd been seeing things when the petite woman walked up to me in leggings that showed every curve of her shapely legs. I'd seen beautiful women in Nevis, but none compared to this one with her beautiful tanned skin that seemed to glow under the sun, which we'd been lucky to have. Her hair seemed like it had been caught ablaze with long orange tresses that fell over her tiny tits and down her small waist.

My cock had acknowledged her right away, a stirring that I knew wouldn't go away anytime soon. There was so much I wanted to know about her in that moment. Heck, I wanted to grab her and fuck her against my cabin walls, but I had to keep my guard up. I wasn't the luckiest bastard when it came to women and had sworn myself off them. All of them were tempting vixens with the heart of the devil, and I knew I'd be better off without them.

Still, this one had affected me in ways I'd felt with no other. It was more than about fucking her senseless. It was just a need to have her in every way possible.

But I knew the cold shoulder would be better for the two of us. The town's people would corrupt her mind soon enough, and she'd be just like the others. I knew that would be the case and didn't want to waste my time regretting anything.

When Rosco had called to help with the repairs, my first instinct was to say no, but although my mind wanted to stay as far away from her as possible, my body wanted to draw closer. I had given in to the latter, thinking I'd just do the job and be on my way.

I never expected the tease, and I never expected to be so affected by it. In the past, I wouldn't pass up on the opportunity to have her pale pink lips on mine, but my experiences had taught me control. As hard

as it was to do, I had to leave her there. I've been through enough to know not to concede to the wiles of a woman.

Something told me this one was different, but I didn't have any real reason to testify to that thought. Yet, I found myself in the wee hours of the night, watching her cabin like a guard dog, watching to see if anyone would want to hurt her.

It was silly; the woman was nothing more than a stranger to me, yet I still felt this sense of obligation as if she were mine to keep.

The idea of her being mine crossed my thoughts and filled me with something I hadn't felt in years. I'd give anything to rut inside her tightness, squeeze her small tits in my hand and suck on her soft lips, but I had to get her out of my head. I had to; it wasn't healthy, and she was no doubt a temptress. I've had my share of those, and it didn't end well in the past.

I reached for a cigarette and lit it, taking a few draws before I pressed it in the table and decided to head to bed, but sleep didn't come that easily.

The following morning, I had enough time on my hands to complete the job, but I figured I'd give myself some time away from Jenna. Maybe a day would clear my head – allow me to see reason and not just a desirable woman. From where I stood in the yard, I could see her walking about and knew it couldn't be something I could get tired of seeing. Her redhead was the first thing you saw in the sun, moving about in the greenery surrounding her. I was tempted to walk over and change my mind about the repairs, but I knew I wouldn't be doing myself any favors.

So, instead, I went on my usual job as a lumberjack, rounding up some fallen trees from the day before and transporting them to the sawmill. When I got back, it was getting dark, but I picked up some food at the diner in town and headed home in my pickup.

I spotted Jenna walking home, a shopping bag in hand, as she tried to walk over the small hill. I almost smiled at her misery but drove up towards her and stopped at her feet.

"Get in," I said, watching as her cheeks flamed while she stood there, giving it some thought.

She glanced at the bags in her hands and the path ahead as if working out the distance and her capabilities in her head.

"You're just a ray of sunshine, aren't you?" She quipped, and I resisted the urge to smile.

“You shouldn’t stay out this late in a strange place.”

“Yeah, and here I am, taking a ride from a stranger. Guess I didn’t do well in stranger danger education,” she laughed humorlessly as she climbed in.

“Guess not,” I mumbled.

A pregnant silence fell between us. I could tell she wanted to say more, but I didn’t ask about it. It was better this way, anyway. But the silence alerted me to a few things, such as her fruity perfume that lingered in my nostrils. I knew that I wouldn’t forget the scent anytime soon and quite frankly, I didn’t want to. Having her so close was doing things to me, things that I’d tried so hard to fight against. There was a stirring in my cock, and I knew that if I allowed myself to think about her, I’d be sporting a boner that I couldn’t hide.

When her cabin came into view, I almost blew a sigh of relief. She opened the door and hopped out, pausing as she glanced at me.

“Er– would you like to come over for dinner?” She asked, and my brows furrowed in wonderment. That was the last thing I expected.

“I got dinner in town,” I said, glancing at the paper bag sitting on the dashboard.

She bit her lips before her eyes lit up again. “We could eat together; I have a bottle of wine to spare,” she smiled.

I should say no, but I was intrigued by her. Everything about her. Whether she would damn me to hell, I didn’t know, but I was willing to take the risk for tonight.

“Fine, I’ll head over and freshen up. Be there in ten,” I said, and she smiled. A smile that made me feel warm and fuzzy – like all my problems turned to dust right away.

I watched as she entered her cabin before I drove over to mine and sighed once I was inside. I shouldn’t be allowing Jenna to crawl under my skin like this. She was a temptress, and it was obvious what she wanted.

It puzzled me. Despite knowing what she probably did about me, she still wanted to be close to me, and there was no fear. I’ve gone close to a lot of people in town, and everyone always seemed to cower in my presence, except Rosco and now Jenna.

She was either stupid or truly believed me to be innocent of the crime I’d been accused of. There was hope for the latter, but I knew better than to hope.

Maybe if I fucked her hard enough, she would get her fill and be on

her way. The idea was tempting, but I'd sworn never to get attached to another woman ever again. Although I wanted to claim Jenna, there was something else that drew me to her that I couldn't quite place my finger on.

I moved toward the bathroom and took a quick shower before getting dressed in a pair of sweats and a jacket. I took my takeout and headed over to her place, contemplating my actions with each step I took.

I paused at her porch and mustered a sigh before I lifted my hand and knocked on the wooden door.

"It's open!" She called, and I shook my head. She still had a few things to learn, apparently.

I made my way in and closed it behind me, my nostrils immediately filled with her scent. A sweet scent that alerted every single nerve in my body. My cock stirred without even seeing her, but I couldn't help but think of her small little body and her lush pink lips – how I'd wrap her in my arms as I thrust my cock back and forth inside her.

"I'm in here! Could you help me out with something?" She asked. I didn't give it a second thought as I made my way inside what I realized to be the bedroom. As soon as I entered, I saw Jenna standing beside the bed in an olive-colored negligee that brushed her slender thighs. Her long hair was out and more lustrous than I had ever seen before, falling over her shoulders. Most of it was scraped to the back, giving me the perfect view of her tiny, tight nipples pressed against the fabric of her clothing.

I swallowed hard and brought my gaze to her face, seeing the soft blush on her cheeks as she bit her lips and waited on a response from me.

"What's going on?" My voice was husky and firm.

She fidgeted with her fingers in front of her, somehow shy despite her bold move. "I– I want you to make love to me, Cullen."

I began to harden in my pants, but I tried as hard as possible to find some logic in this. "I don't make love," I said, and she paused for a bit before she moved toward me.

She was now right in front of me, with her scent taking my senses by storm. I was fully hard now – I could feel my cock straining against my sweats. Her tiny fingers brushed against mine, and that's where I lost all sense of thinking.

"I don't care," she said as she leaned into me. "I just want you inside me…. Please." She was on tiptoes, her minty breath fanning

against me. I lowered my head, drawing closer to her open mouth. I couldn't stop myself. I needed this woman as much as I needed oxygen.

Her lips finally brushed mine, and just as I'd imagined, they were soft, making me crave them even more. I pulled her toward me, her petite body smashed against mine while I suckled on her sweetness. She whimpered, and I could tell she felt the bulge in my pants pressing against her stomach. *I have a huge cock. I shouldn't do this*, I contemplate with myself. *I will split her small body in two. I am not only big, I am rough. But I want nothing more than to make her mine. I'm throbbing for her. I should warn her.*

"You should be afraid of me, sweetheart," I said, pulling away my lips briefly and clasping her face in my hands.

She looked up at me with those big, blue doe eyes, her skin flushed pink. "I'm not. I'm trusting my gut, and my gut tells me you're a good guy," she said. She had no idea what those words meant to me and how much they sent heat rushing through my body.

"I wouldn't be begging you to have me if I didn't think you were," she continued, moving in closer to kiss me again.

My hands slid over her soft curves to her ass which was firm yet soft to the touch. I molded each cheek with my hands, pressing her closer into me until I was certain my cock would leave a print on her. She moaned as she kissed me, her hands moving to the waistband of my slacks, her warm little finger going under, blindly searching for my manhood.

I had no idea this would happen, but I was happy when I decided not to wear any boxers. She found my length and moaned again, her slender fingers sliding over and under as if estimating the length.

She pulled apart from me, her eyes widen as if caught off guard by a horror movie and her cheeks as pink as peonies.

"You're *hugeee.* No. *Hung!*" her mouth hanging open in shock. Or fright. Or both. She didn't move, her expression was as if she sensed some danger but yet remained still as if she was calculating something. I know she was small and I am hoping I'll fit. I don't want to hurt her but I know my size is way beyond average. Long and Thick. A little monster. And when I get lost in the moment, I can get too rough.

"I'm a big guy, sweetheart," I said, I searched her eyes, waiting for her to back out.

"Makes me want you even more," she smiled confidently before

putting a naughty smirk on her face.

“Are you sure?” I searched her eyes.

“Never been surer about anything in my life.” I didn’t make a move and she observed my hesitation.

“Come on. I’m a big girl. I want you. Please.” Her voice was soft, raspy and laced with need. She wanted me, needed me, regardless of my size. “Please, Cullen.” Her small hand grabbed on to mine. Her arousing voice makes my cock so hard, I can’t resist her a second longer. I reached for the hem of her dress and peeled it over her head, giving me a full view of her perfect, naked body, which looked like a piece of art. Lithe. Limber. Her limbs slender, her skin looking creamy-soft, unblemished, her radiant skin almost a pale, angelic glow, her body looking so tender and supple. She stood still and allowed me to drink in every inch of her, from her round little breasts, her tiny waist and her delicious curves. My eyes lingered at the area between her thighs, which was completely bald, smooth and so small. My pulse thrummed as need overcame me, my blood as hot as a raging furnace.

“Perfect,” was the only word I could utter – the only one that came to mind.

She smiled and moved towards me, hauling my jacket off my shoulders and staring at my bare chest when she was done with the task. I pulled my pants down, freeing my cock, which sprang from the confines with a gentle bob. Her eyes were strained there, wonderment in her clear irises.

As I stared at her, and she stared at me, I wondered how such a fragile being could handle my pleasures. Jenna looked as if she could be broken in two, and I was a beast who acted just like it. Still, her temperament to have me drove me insane – it drove me wild with lust.

“Are you sure I am what you want. I can walk through that door right now if you change your mind, but fair warning, sweetheart, I don’t do gentle.”

She swallowed and licked her lips, nodding after a second. “Okay.”

Chapter 4

Jenna

After seeing Cullen's size, the logical thing to do was run and never look back, but I was too enticed for that. Somehow, his size didn't scare me as much; I was just too excited to have him inside me.

Tonight was the boldest thing I had ever done in my life. I had to wonder where this sudden burst of courage came from, but it was already a done deal when I had climbed into his pickup earlier. Nothing had been clearer. I wanted him and knew that nothing could stop me from having him. Of course, there was the matter of his past, but I knew in my heart that he wasn't a bad guy – that he was innocent.

The dinner had been a genuine request, but as I had taken my shower, my hands all over my body, I imagined that it was Cullen's running all over me. I wanted him, and the need was aching as time passed.

The feeling was one I had never felt before, but I was willing to hold on to it for as long as it lasted. I wanted this for myself – I wanted this because it was what my body craved.

Both of us were naked. He towered over me, looking at me as though he wanted to devour me. I was already wet – so wet that I felt it dribbling down my thighs. The need was intense, and it grew more consuming with each second.

My fingers traced the hard ridges of his body, moving from his taut stomach to the place which made me pool with more need. I couldn't get over how big he was – how well endowed with girth and length.

My fingers slipped along the tip, and I was taken off guard by the slipperiness before I quickly realized it was Precum. My heart thudded in my chest as he held me by the waist and led me to the bed.

I fell on my back, adjusting to a comfortable position before spreading my legs apart. His eyes moved between my thighs, and I could see them darken as he grunted.

Cullen climbed up on the bed, looking gigantic above me before he dipped his head and kissed me hungrily. I could feel the dire need in his kiss and I gasped as his teeth scraped against my lips before biting into it and tugging at it.

I felt the tip of his erection at my entrance and became wetter from mere anticipation. He rubbed it up and down my slit, lubing his

monstrous length with my juices. My mouth hung open as I stared into his eyes, trembling each time the firm tip grazed over my sensitive clit.

"I haven't had a woman in so long, I don't know how fucking long I'll last, but I'll make it worth your while, sweetheart," he said. A second later I was squealing as he slowly pierced between my flesh and entered me for the first time. *Oh my God he's huge!* My lady-parts has never been stretched open so wide apart before. God his cock is really, really thick. Even though I'm so wet it still stings, it burns as he pushes deeper into me, feels like he's just too big for entry. Tears sprung to my eyes as his hard member breached past my hymen and evaded my tightness.

He paused, his eyes going wide as he looked down at me with question. I reached for his hairy face, clasping it in my hands and opened my mouth to produce words that seemed hard to formulate.

"Don't stop," I begged, the pain evident on my face.

His eyes were still searching while my lady-parts was slowly getting accustomed to the feel of him inside me and the pain fading away.

"You're a virgin." It was more of a statement than a question.

I bit my lips, my eyes blurry with tears as I tried to nod. "Yes. But please don't stop," I begged again as I raised my hips to feel him move inside me, but the ache wasn't quite gone as yet, and I ended up gasping instead.

He swallowed, his face filled with worry and his Adam's apple visibly bobbed as he carefully moved within me. *Oh shit!* The pain is on the rise again when he moves. I grabbed his arms and spread my legs further apart as he slowly increased his pace, my insides getting wetter and slicker around him with every stroke. But still, I felt like I'd been broken in two with the pain that echoed through my body. Despite being so wet for him, he still felt so big.

I gripped his arm and gasped as I writhed on the bed. He was definitely too big, and he could see that as much as I did.

He withdrew from me, and I could feel the cool air of disappointment wash over my heated body. The tears tipped from the rim of my eyes, and all I wanted to do was curl myself into a ball and weep, but Cullen didn't leave my side.

He slipped from the bed and pulled me in, my ass resting at the edge of the bed while he knelt between my legs.

I eased up on my elbows, my heart thrumming as I wondered what he was about to do.

"Wh–"

"Just relax," he said gruffly, using his hands to spread my legs. I feared I would have a heart attack with how my heart was beating, but I laid back on the bed and trusted what would happen next.

My body quivered when I felt his breath fanning against my most sensitive area, and before I could fathom what would happen next, his warm mouth was against my aching flesh. A moan instantly erupted from my lips, my eyes closing as I basked in the pleasure that now filled me. He sucked softly, licking my slit delicately as his hand snuck up to my tits.

I whimpered, trailing my hand across my body as I focused on what Cullen was doing. His tongue then started to stroke me, massaging the spot where his manhood had been just minutes ago. The ache started to fade, and I could feel the pleasure consuming my body yet again. His strong tongue bathed my crevice, stroking back and forth as it lapped up my juices and circled inside my tiny hole.

I was losing my mind because while all this was happening, Cullen had my nipple between his thumb and index finger, rolling it gently and sending sparks all over my body.

My head thrashed from side to side as his warm mouth explored my most intimate spot, his beard tickling my skin but adding a sensation that made this all the more mind-blowing. My hand found his head as the need increased within me, my fingers raking through the wavy mass as I urged him further inside me. He looked up at me with those intense eyes of his, and I moaned, writhing on the mattress.

"Oh please…. Yes!"

"Patience, sweets, I need you soaked enough to take my cock after this," he said.

His tongue started to flicker on my clit, and I could feel myself rising, the pleasure intensifying as my body grew heated. Goosebumps riddled my skin as I rose to my peak, and just as I came, Cullen inserted a finger inside me. I squealed, my flesh clamping down on him as my orgasm overrode me. He thrust into me slowly, massaging my walls with a single finger and making me quiver like a leaf in the wind.

My whole body was in a state of bliss, incredibly sensitive to the touch, but Cullen still didn't let up. He added another finger, knowing he had to stretch me good to fit, and I was sure I would lose my mind from the oversensitivity at the spot inside me he fingered.

"Please!" I begged him, reaching for his hand. He filled me with a

few more strokes before he pulled them out.

I made an attempt to close my legs, but he was quick to pry them further apart as he got to his feet.

I shuffled back so he would have some space to enter. I glanced at his manhood, and to my surprise, it was dripping precum and seemingly harder than before. Despite the failure some minutes ago, I was anxious to have him inside me.

Cullen towered over me yet again and lowered his face to mine. My cheeks grew heated when I saw the evidence of my juices on areas of his beard. He didn't make an effort to wipe it off; instead, he lowered his mouth to mine and allowed me to taste myself on him. I moaned as I kissed him, not knowing it was possible to get even wetter at this moment.

He slipped a finger inside me again, and I gasped. I had just recovered from my orgasm, but my body was ready again for another. He finger-fucked me, not so gently this time, as the squelching sound of my wetness echoed in the room. It slid back and forth with each stroke, making me hopeful that it would fit this time around.

"I need you… please," I begged, reaching between us to massage his hardened flesh. He grunted and lowered himself, allowing me to direct his manhood to my entrance.

I did so with bated breath, my lips falling further apart as I impaled myself with his length. He moved inside me slowly, inch after inch disappearing inside me until he paused halfway. I already felt so full, and only half of him was inside me. I couldn't even imagine what it would be like to take all of him.

My lady-parts still burned, but it was certainly better than the first attempt. Cullen was inside me, feeling out every single corner of my cunt.

I looked up at him and saw how flushed he was from the neck up, a single vein protruding from his forehead. I could see that he was trying to hold back, and I admired that. My heart was swelling as I lay there.

When he started to move within me, my moans couldn't be contained. With each thrust, it seemed like he had ventured into new territory that provided a different level of pleasure. I clung to him, staring deep into his grey eyes as he gave me more pleasure than I'd felt in a lifetime.

Cullen started to move faster, moving further into me while my flesh stretched to accommodate him. He bared his teeth and muttered

a curse, clamping his hand around my breast as he slammed into me.

“Oh!” I exclaimed, feeling the full length of him inside me. He dipped and licked across the swell of my breast, grazing his teeth across my nipples as he moved relentlessly inside me. The dull ache was still there, but the pleasure was too intense to give it any attention.

Before I could fathom what was happening, Cullen slipped his hand under my back and peeled me from the bed. I wrapped my hands around his neck, my legs around his hips as he moved and stood with me in hand, his palms on my ass as he held me. I was so tiny against him and felt even more so when he started to thrust within me in that standing position. I was his toy to do whatever he pleased, and I was just as manageable as a rag doll.

He pulled me back and then slammed me onto his full length, and continued for minutes until he pressed me against the wall and started rolling his hips into me. Our bodies became slippery, and I could feel myself moving toward my high once again.

“Fuck!” Cullen exclaimed loudly as he slammed into me, filling me over and over with his cock. My body grew weak, almost weightless as my orgasm started to beat at my gates.

“Yesss, ohhh!”

“Do you want my cum, sweetheart?” He asked, his voice thick and bassy against my ear.

I licked my parched lips and nodded. “Yes, give me all of it… please,” I said, knowing I’d probably regret it later, but there was nothing I wanted more at that moment.

He slammed into me again, burying his manhood to the hilt before he sprayed his seed inside me. My orgasm hit simultaneously as I cried out, my inner-walls clamping around him as we both came.

He growled in my ear, and my body quivered as he pressed his sweaty body against mine, still pumping his cum inside me. Breathing heavily, I kissed his neck and raked my shaking hands through his hair.

Cullen moaned as he moved with me toward the bed. His member slipped out of me as he put me down, and my insides clenched at its dismissal, not liking the feel of emptiness.

I lay there spent, feeling his essence seep from my cunt and onto the bedsheets. Cullen came and lay beside me, reaching for a blanket, which he pulled over our bodies.

A smile smeared my face as my body buzzed with happiness. I snuggled up to him and rested my head on his chest while he gently rubbed my hips from under the sheets.

“Thank you for that,” I said in what sounded like a whisper. I was utterly exhausted.

He grunted. “You shouldn’t be thanking me just yet. Now that you’ve given me a taste, I’ll be forever starved for it. I’ll fuck you every chance I get,” he said, and my heart skipped a beat at his words.

I smiled as I made circles on his broad chest. “Would that be such a bad thing?”

“I guess not,” he said.

My cheeks heated as I lay there beside this naked beast. I could tell he was still hard from the way he was making a tent in the sheets, and it made me needy all over again.

“Is it weird that I want to do it again?” I whispered.

He chuckled. “If that’s the case, then we’re both weirdos.”

I grinned as I eased up to look into his eyes. He was serious, but I didn’t need his words to testify to that. It was visible. I flung the sheets from around him, exposing his bottom half where his member was hard and mighty.

I knew I’d be sore tomorrow, but I was still riding on my high and ready to make the best of the night.

I straddled him and positioned myself just above his penis, holding it up with one hand before I lowered myself onto it. A deep sigh escaped my lips as he slid inside me with so much ease, making my heart soar. My pussy puckered, and as I slid further down on him, his cum began to ooze around his shaft.

Cullen muttered a curse as he held my hips and pulled me down until my naked lips were rubbing against his slightly bushy front. His hands moved to my breasts, gently squeezing them as I started to roll my hips against him. A couple of seconds later, he reached for my hips and tried to raise me up, but I held his hand and anchored myself to him. My neck arched, my hair tumbling down my back as I used Cullen to pleasure myself. I didn’t want to move; the pleasure was so incredible like this, and I couldn’t risk letting it go anytime soon.

I glanced at Cullen, and he had a contented look on his face as he watched me. I didn’t stop until I was screaming his name while my orgasm shot through every inch of my body. He came with me like before, filling me with his seed again.

When I lifted myself off him, a dollop of his cum fell to his cock, coating the already creamed length. I collapsed beside him with a smile on my face while the exhaustion ran deep within my bones.

We lay there silently for what seemed like forever until I bit my lips and decided to head to unchartered territory.

“What happened?” I asked. Cullen was silent, and by it, I knew he understood what I meant.

“I’d rather not talk about it,” he said gruffly.

“Ok,” I said, hoping I didn’t scare him away with the question. But he stayed, and we remained silent for a few more minutes until he cleared his throat.

“Six years ago, I was working at a lumberyard in the city. This girl came along, and we kicked things off. It was going good until she got herself caught up in some bad company – some so-called friends from her past…” he scoffed, and the softness that had been in his eyes earlier was now gone, replaced by the looming darkness that had been there before.

“They did some shady shit, got into a confrontation, and she shot one of them. I panicked and picked up the gun when it happened and tried to get her out. The cops came, she ran, and I was left with a sentence,” he said with a scoff.

A lump formed in my throat at the revelations. “That’s messed up; Cullen, I’m so sorry.”

“You have nothing to be sorry about.”

“What happened to her?

“She was on the run for a few years until the law caught up to her. I got myself a good lawyer after years in that hellhole and here I am.”

“You loved her,” I said.

“I thought I did for a very long time,” he said with a sigh.

“I understand what betrayal feels like, especially from someone you loved.”

“Do you?” He said, sounding surprised.

I shifted my gaze from his face. “A few weeks ago, I found out my boyfriend cheated on me with my best friend.”

“Boyfriend?” He said, his gaze moving over my body.

I grinned. “We were together for about three months–”

“And you never had sex?” He asked, his forehead wrinkling.

“It just never felt like the right time. I guess he couldn’t wait, so he moved on to the closest thing.”

Cullen was silent for a second. “So this is what, a rebound?”

I eased up as I stared at him, taken aback by the question. “What?”

“Are you using me to get over your ex, Jenna?”

I was beginning to get confused. “Wh– what, no?”

He stared at me as if trying to see through me. My heart thudded in my chest as I awaited what he would say next. He looked deadly, but most of all, disappointed. “This was a mistake. In a couple of days, you’ll probably be back to your city while you rent out the cabin to some woman like yourself who wants to live out a fantasy.”

My eyes pricked with tears. “Cullen, I don’t understand where all this is coming from,” I exclaimed.

He shuffled off the bed and reached for his pants on the floor. He paused to look at me after pulling them on.

“I don’t appreciate being used,” he said firmly, causing me to flinch.

“I wasn’t—”

“I’ll see you around, Jenna,” he said as he grabbed his jacket off the floor and moved towards the door.

I blinked a few times, unable to fully comprehend what happened and how everything moved from zero to a hundred in seconds. The door slammed on the outside, and I was welcomed with a silence that brought tears to my eyes. I sniffed and snuggled up in my blanket, crying my eyes out for a man I’d only known for a couple of days.

This wasn’t how I expected my first sexual experience to be. Yes, Cullen ticked all the boxes when it came to the sex, but I hadn’t expected the fight that had escalated out of nowhere.

I tried to understand his take on the situation, and I felt even worse. Maybe I did sleep with Cullen because part of me wanted to see if I could get over what Kyle had done. But it was deeper than that. I didn’t have Kyle in mind as I had stripped myself naked and given myself up to Cullen. He certainly wasn’t on my mind when he was inside me, his body pressed against mine.

As a matter of fact, whenever Cullen was around, it was like everything else seemed non-existent. His presence consumed any other thought I could possibly formulate.

I’d thought that the fact that I was a virgin would make him see that, but sadly, he hadn’t. I brushed the tears from my face and moved

to the bathroom before I went back to bed. I didn't take a shower because I wanted to bask in the aftermath of our lovemaking for a bit longer. This might be the only time Cullen and I ever touched each other, but I still had no regrets. The only regret I could think of was allowing Kyle to enter my life in the first place.

Chapter 5

Jenna

I woke the following day to the sound of someone calling my name outside. I quickly bounded from the bed and glanced at the time, realizing it was almost ten in the morning.

“Shit!” I muttered, quickly reaching for my robe on the end bench. My hair was tousled, and I probably looked a mess, but I scurried to the living area and pulled the door open. A tall, bearded man presented himself on the other end, but it was definitely not Cullen. He had a bag slung over his shoulder, and his pick-up was parked right in front of the porch.

“Good morning, ma’am,” he said as his gaze ran over my body before he quickly brushed his nose and cleared his throat.

On instinct, I tightened the robe and hugged my shoulders. “Good morning; can I help you?”

“Yeah, I came to do the floor repairs.”

My brain was still working overtime to try and process what he was saying until it became clear. I glanced over to Cullen’s cabin and felt a pang in my heart as I did so.

I cleared my throat. “Cullen sent you?”

He nodded curtly. “That’s right, ma’am.”

I nodded slowly, trying to understand why I felt hurt by his actions. I thought maybe the argument last night was something he’d sleep on and forget the next day, but apparently, he was still upset.

I had half a mind to confront him and clear the air between us, but Cullen was right about one thing. I’d be gone in a few days and back to the life I had before coming here. What was the point in immersing myself deeper into a relationship that would end in a few days? I asked myself the question over and over in my head and realized it brought no clarification, only a sense of sadness.

The thought of leaving and never seeing Cullen again made me sad, and I couldn’t quite understand why.

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I tried my best to stay occupied for the rest of the day but found that to be almost impossible with the noise being made by the repair man.

A call came in on my phone around midday; I glanced at the caller and realized it was my mom.

Muttering a curse, I quickly grabbed the device and stepped outside, almost running as I tried my best to escape the noise.

When I answered, I almost sounded breathless. “Hey, Mom.”

“Hi honey, how’s it going? You sound tired.”

I pulled in a breath and rubbed my forehead, glancing around at the trees and the view of the town ahead.

“Yeah, I’m doing great. I was just er, taking some firewood from around the back to inside for later,” I lied.

She chuckled softly. “So, how’s the place? You still haven’t sent me those pictures I asked for.”

I smacked myself. “Completely slipped my mind, Mom. I’m sorry.”

“No worries; how are the people there?”

Cullen was the first person who came to mind, and my cheeks grew heated. “They’re okay; I met this girl who was really nice. She worked at this bar in the town.”

“That’s nice. I bet Kyle must be missing you a lot.”

I froze, the smile dropping heavily from my face. It reminded me that I still had not told my mom about our failed relationship or the complications surrounding it.

“Yeah, I er– how’s Dad doing?”

“Busy with work as usual. Says he misses you.”

I smiled. “I miss him too – both of you.”

“Well, hurry and get back, so we can stop missing each other.”

“Ok, Mom, talk to you later,” I said.

After saying our goodbyes, we ended the call. I sighed, thinking about how I’d break the news to my mom. This was the first secret I’d ever kept from her; worse, she liked Kyle. A week didn’t go by where she didn’t discuss the babies we’d have, or the wedding she hoped would be early down the line. Everyone liked Kyle, which simply made this whole situation a big mess.

As I walked back to the cabin, I spotted Cullen’s pickup leaving his cabin, and my heart fluttered that he was still giving me the cold shoulder while I was busy feeling butterflies and repeating the night we’d shared in my head. As much as I wanted to reassure him that he wasn’t a rebound for Kyle, I didn’t know how to explain what he

actually was.

That afternoon, I decided to head into the town to get some dinner. Lilly welcomed me with a smile as soon as I entered the pub, and I was quite surprised that this time around, people didn't stop what they were doing to stare.

"Hey you. For a sec there, I thought you went back to the city."

I smiled as I took a seat in front of the counter. "Nah, I have a few days to spare before that happens."

She nodded. "What can I get you today?"

"What do you recommend?" I asked.

She glanced away in thought for a second before looking back at me with a smile.

"Our cook makes a mean Alfredo."

I moaned. "Oh, I haven't had that in a while. Sounds great."

She grinned. "It is. Should I run the order around the back?"

"Of course."

"Give me a sec," she said as she moved toward the double doors behind her.

I sighed as I sat there, fidgeting with my phone and glancing around the room, which wasn't as busy today. My eyes locked with a man at the far end, and I froze, realizing he must have been staring at me first for that to happen. He wore a beanie, but his black curls still sprouted at the edges, making him look almost boyish. Unlike the rest of the people in this town, he was clean-shaven with small thin lips and small, beady eyes. A smile curled his lips as he gave a tiny wave that made me smile back.

"So when do you plan on going back, Jenna?"

My head snapped around to see that Lilly had returned, her elbows planted on the counter as she gazed at me.

"Maybe on the weekend. I don't know; I haven't even bought my ticket back as yet."

"Place is growing on ya, huh?" She smirked.

I laughed. "I guess you could say that. I like waking up and just stepping outside to inhale the glorious fresh air, and I like how quiet it is."

She nodded, smiling. "I feel you on that. I came here from Arizona

one summer after college to visit my grandma, and I never looked back," she stated, raising a brow.

My eyes widened. "Really? That's insane."

She chuckled. "That's what everybody says, but there's just something I love about small towns and cold weather."

I laughed.

"How long have you been working here?"

"Since day one. Worked as a waitress for a couple of years until George decided to make me partner."

"That's amazing."

"Yeah, how about you? What kind of work do you do?"

"I teach at a preschool."

Her perfectly arched brows shot up. "Oh wow, you look kinda young to be a teacher."

I laughed. "I'm gonna be twenty-five in a few months."

She nodded slowly as if processing the information. "You know, funny thing is, they're actually looking for a teacher here. The last one had a baby a few weeks back, and word is, she's resigned to be a stay-at-home mom. I bet you could fill the gap if you ever decide to stay in Nevis," she winked.

"Oh, I don't think I will. Maybe just to visit when I can, but my family and my life is in L.A.," I said.

Lilly's brows raised as she smirked and scurried around the back. I scratched the nape of my neck, my brows furrowing as I allowed the thought to settle in my mind. But before I could ponder on it, Lilly was coming back with a plate of steaming Alfredo in hand and a smile on her ever-pleasant face.

"Enjoy," she said as she placed the plate before me, a pleased look on her face.

"Thank you," I said as I rubbed my hands together and stared down at the beautiful plate of food. "This looks delicious."

"Be sure to tell me how it is once you're done."

I nodded. "Will do. Could I have a glass of Merlot, too, please."

"Coming right up, beautiful."

I smiled as I reached for my fork and dug in, my brows shooting up as soon as the flavor hit my tastebuds. I harped it down in what felt

like seconds, licking my lips and gazing at the empty plate. Taking the last sip of my wine, I gave a thumbs up to Lilly who was at the far end, serving another customer. She smiled before she continued with her task.

"I'm sorry if I came off as creepy earlier. I didn't mean to stare." I turned to find the man who had been at the far end right beside me.

I offered a shaky smile, shifting in my chair. "No worries."

He smiled at that, his gaze roaming over my face. "I just have never seen someone as beautiful as you before."

"Thank you," I said politely.

"Can I get you something to drink," he glanced at my empty glass. "Another glass of wine, perhaps?"

"No, that's fine, thanks."

I wasn't in the mood for a conversation but watched as this stranger called over for a beer for himself and got himself comfortable on the bar stool beside me. I cleared my throat and tucked a lock of hair behind my ear.

"I'm Tim, by the way," he said as he extended a hand.

I was a bit hesitant in taking it, but I decided to for the sake of being polite. "Jenna."

Just then, the bar quieted, and I figured someone new had stepped in. But as I turned to see who it was, I made eye contact with Cullen, who gritted his teeth and glanced over at Tim. He paused for a second as his eyes darkened, his brows drawing a bit closer together. Without a word, he moved to one corner of the room, taking a seat around the same table I'd seen him at when he was last here.

"You know that guy?" Tim asked. For a moment, I'd forgotten he was beside me.

"Er… not really."

He nodded as he took a swig of his beer. "Probably a good thing. The guy's a criminal."

I frowned. "Well, he was found innocent in court."

He scoffed. "We both know the justice system is fucked up. Anyway, enough of that big pile of muscle; tell me about yourself, Jenna."

I glanced at Cullen through the corner of my eyes. Lilly had just served him a beer, which he brought to his head right away. His head slightly shifted in my direction, his eyes on me. But then, just as my

heart fluttered with hope, he turned around and proceeded to act like I didn't even exist.

Anger coursed through me at his nonchalant behavior. Cullen couldn't see reason if it walked up to him and slapped him in the face. If he wanted to act like what happened between us didn't happen, that was fine, but I wasn't going to beat myself up over it. Not anymore.

I glanced at Tim as he sat there awaiting a response from me. Cullen obviously didn't care, but Tim was being nice, and he was available to chat. I turned to him and smiled as I continued the conversation.

Chapter 6

Cullen

It was like fire coursed through my veins as I sat there watching Jenna. The beer felt bitter in the back of my throat, and despite the steady chillness in the evening air, I felt like I was burning up.

I was still angry about what had happened the other night. Though I'd wanted to relax in the aftermath of wonderful sex, the idea that Jenna had been using me to get over someone else didn't sit right with me. I'd spilled out my guts – something I'd never done before. That too with a woman I hadn't even known for a week, and she couldn't even deny that what I had implied was true.

Although I'd taken her virginity, which should have felt like a prize I'd won, I couldn't get over the matter of being a rebound.

The emotions that overcame me at that moment were almost crippling because some I couldn't quite figure out. After I'd left, I'd given myself some time to clear my head of her, but that was futile as the only thing that I could fucking think of was her. Her beautiful face, her slender body, her dazzling eyes – everything. Each memory of her was like a plague that ate at me, gnawing at every single cell in my body.

Not a minute went by that I didn't think of my cock entering her and how her sweet mouth had opened as she collected each stroke with a peaceful gasp. The imagery of her naked body was a permanent memory in my head, and I knew the only thing that would rid me of it was death.

I missed her, I missed her sweet perfume and her smile. I just fucking missed how I felt when I was around her. Seeing her with someone else made me feel murderous.

My hands tightened around the beer bottle, and I knew that with a little bit more force, it would shatter in my hands. My jaw clenched when I heard her giggle, my head flashing around so fast that I feared my neck would ache later. She still continued to laugh with this Tim guy – this asshole who used women just as much as he used the fucking toilet. He wanted to get into Jenna's pants; I knew that. And she was just sitting there, laughing at what I presumed to be horrible jokes because Tim didn't have a sense of humor.

I could see the faint blush on her cheeks, the way she looked at him as if he were the only living man on earth, and it fucking drove me

insane.

I was probably blood red and breathing smoke through my nose, but I didn't stop looking even when people looked at me. When Tim shifted toward Jenna, I nearly lost it. His hands snuck around the small of her waist, and he held her there before whispering something in her ear.

She was fucking mine, and there was no way I could sit here and watch another man make a move on my woman. Touch her.

I got up, pushing the wooden chair back and causing it to scrape gnawingly on the hardwood floor. A few persons turned to look as I made my way toward Jenna and Tim, my footsteps echoing as I walked.

They both turned to see what was happening when I was inches away from standing next to them. Tim's face paled, and Jenna's eyes widened as I stomped toward them.

The only thing that prevented me from pushing Tim over was my already bad reputation in this town. My hands curled into fists as I stood before them.

"Let's go," I said, my voice thick and heavy.

Tim's brows rose as he looked to Jenna as if trying to figure out what I had to do with all that was happening between them.

"What? No," she said, her small lips set in a pout, her brows furrowed.

My chest rose and fell with deep breaths. Our gazes locked, and I could see the fire blazing through hers. I was waiting to see if she would heed my request, but she didn't budge. I scoffed after a few seconds. "So this is your new little boy toy, huh?"

Her jaw tightened, and her blue eyes glistened. "Cullen, please leave," she muttered between tightly clenched teeth.

Tim jumped off his stool and stood before me, looking at my face with his lips set in a thin line. I knew this bravado was just to impress Jenna, but Tim couldn't win a fight with me even if he brought an army.

"You heard the lady, big guy," he said, crossing his arms.

"This is none of your business, Baker. Step away before I fucking step on you," I hissed.

He choked out a laugh and scanned the room to see if anyone would join in on the laughter, but no one did.

“You think because you went to jail and you have some muscle, you own this town, huh?” He spat, twisting his mouth. “Well, let me tell you something, I’m not afraid of you,” he said as he jabbed me in the chest with a finger.

My teeth clenched, and all I could see was red. This guy just couldn’t fucking keep his hand to himself, could he? With a grunt, I picked him up by the collar and pushed him into a line of chairs by the counter. They collapsed on top and around him, causing a series of gasps to ring out in the diner.

I turned to Jenna, but her eyes were teary, and she had this look of disbelief on her face, making me regret what had just happened. But I wasn’t going to admit that, and neither was I going to leave her here when it was about to get dark. She went to help up Tim but as soon as he was on his feet, his face red with embarrassment, I held onto Jenna’s hands and started walking with her outside the bar.

As soon as we were on the outside, she pulled her hands away and stood her ground, now seething.

“What the hell is wrong with you?” She snapped, her small chest rising and falling.

“Do you think I’d just sit there and watch as another man runs his hands all over you?” I hissed back with the same fire in my tone.

She scoffed. “Don’t be fucking ridiculous!” She spat, and I was shocked and taken aback by the filthy word that came from her pure little mouth. “You don’t own me! We are nothing!” She said as she stomped away, moving in the direction of our cabins.

I stood as I watched her walk away, processing what she’d just said. I breathed heavily, but I couldn’t accept it. There’s no way I could, even though her words pierced me to the core.

I caught up with her as she moved between trees and bushy paths, each step purposeful as she made an effort to out-walk me.

I grabbed onto her hand, and she spun around to meet my gaze, a frown on her face as her face reddened.

“You became mine the moment you opened your sweet little thighs for me. You are mine, Jenna,” I said, focusing on her pout and expressive blue eyes.

She attempted to tug herself free, but I held her firm. “I’m not your property, and if you ever fucking pull a stunt like that again, you’ll regret it,” she threatened. As angry as I was, I couldn’t ignore her touch or how her vile words set me ablaze. I was hard for her because no woman had ever spoken to me with such a fiery tongue and so

much passion that matched the vixen she was in bed.

“You give me the cold shoulder for a fucking day, and the minute I decided to forget you, there’s a problem. Fuck you, Cullen!”

My grip tightened on her. “What man would be pleased to hear they’re a rebound?” I hissed.

“I didn’t say that. That’s just what you chose to believe in your big freaking head!” She snapped.

“Then what am I to you, Jenna?” I barked back. “I can’t fucking think straight when you’re around, and all I can think about when you’re not around is still you. You’re like a fucking drug to me, but to you, I’m just a piece of meat to pass the time and mend the heartache!”

Her lips quivered. “You took my fricking virginity. If that says nothing to you, I don’t know what will,” she exclaimed as she pulled herself free and stomped away.

I held onto her again and pulled her against me. My eyes snapped shut, and heat engulfed my cheeks as she pressed a firing slap to my face. My heart slammed in my chest at the unexpectedness of it, but before I could look at her, her lips were on mine. She kissed me deeply, and I felt it all the way to my toes. But then she pulled away, and a tear slipped from her eyes.

“You’re so stupid,” she exclaimed, her eyes now gone sad, and it ripped away at my heart.

Unable to resist the fire pulsing through my veins, I reached for her and kissed her again. There was no resistance in the caress, just pure passion, which made me even harder. Overcome by the need consuming me, I groped her ass and pressed her small body into my erection, allowing her to feel how much I wanted her. Jenna wrapped her hands around my neck and kissed me, her lips roaming over mine in a sinful caress. I suckled on her lips like my life depended on it, enjoying the sweetness and wishing I’d never strayed from them, to begin with.

Jenna started to fumble with my belt, which caught me by surprise. It was getting dark, but if someone walked by us, they would definitely see what was happening. She didn’t seem to care about that, and neither did I as I helped her to loosen the straps.

I staggered with her with my pants falling down my waist and pressed her against a nearby tree. She gasped against my mouth as her fingers moved to free my cock. Meanwhile, I was fumbling with her skirt as I gathered it in my hands and tried to pull everything above

her waist.

The cold pinched my skin as my boxers went next, exposing my skin, but nothing could temper the heat that burned within me. I felt starved, and the only person who could satiate me was Jenna.

She wrapped her legs around me, and I parted her panties, my cock fumbling at her entrance before I finally shoved it inside her and sheathed it with her moist warmth.

She moaned against my mouth as I sunk inch after inch inside her. Jenna grunted as I held her up and repeatedly went back and forth into her warm cavern with my pants pooled around my ankles.

“You’re mine, Jenna. Every inch of you.” She sighed against me, burying her face into my neck as she clung to me. She was just perfect, perfect as her tightness clothed my cock and her small body pressed against mine.

“Say it,” I ordered, slamming into her and causing her to whimper.

“I– I’m yours, Cullen,” she softly said, her warm breath heating my burning skin.

I held her against me and fucked her hard and deep, making sure I filled out every inch of her hot pussy. Her soft whimpers were like gasoline on the fire that burned within me, and I couldn’t get enough.

She was wet, still tight as the first time I’d fucked her and every bit of mine. The dewy scent of nature filled my nostrils, mixed with the sweet scent of her perfume. She gripped tightly around me, and I grunted as I began to fuck her faster. Her quim held me tight until I could feel the pressure building in my balls.

Jenna’s sweet cries echoed in my ears as she came, her insides squeezing and releasing as I continued to plummet into her. But there wasn’t much further I could go with my release just seconds away.

I plunged into her two more times before I stiffened, my ass clenching as I spilled my seed into Jenna. I released every single drop inside her until I became semi-erect. Jenna was breathing heavily as I placed her on her feet and watched as she fixed her panties and pulled her skirt down. Her hair was a mess, and her face was flushed, making the view of her the most beautiful I’d ever seen.

She licked her lips and adjusted her clothes while I stuffed my cock back into my pants and buttoned it. I raked my fingers through my hair and mustered a sigh, staring at her. But she refused to meet my gaze.

“Jenna, I’m sorry about what happened earlier,” I told her because

admitting I was wrong was better than watching the resentment cloud her eyes.

“It’s fine,” she said as she turned on her heels and headed for the cabin without another word said. I sighed as I watched her go before looking back into the town. My van was still parked at the bar, so I had to go get it, but afterward, I had to make things right with Jenna.

I watched as she climbed the small slope before arriving at her cabin. She reached into her pockets and took out her keys, and she was inside the next second.

Chapter 7

Jenna

I brushed the tears from my face and sniffed as I slammed the door behind me. I couldn't have allowed Cullen to see my tears, but they were all because of him. I didn't understand what I was feeling or how despite how angry I had been, I just couldn't resist him. While I was busy screaming at him earlier, my body was screaming for him. And like the pathetic person I was, I'd given in to him, only to be discarded like old cloth at the end of it.

After getting what he wanted, he hadn't even bothered to walk me home. That was the type of man he was, and like an idiot, blinded by desire, I'd told him that I was his.

I felt like I belonged to no other man but him, but confessing it to him was just an ego boost I'd fallen for. He'd ruined me for any other man. I knew that now. I could feel it and knew that no other man could touch me but him for as long as I lived.

I felt ridiculous, but throughout the heated conversation we had, followed by the rough sex, something had become clear to me. I'd foolishly fallen for the beast.

The tears still continued pouring from my eyes as I made my way to the bathroom and started to strip my clothes. My body was still flushed, and it was almost as if I could still feel his touches – the way he'd been inside me just moments ago.

I stripped my panties, and my lips quivered as I saw the evidence of our lovemaking on the lacy cloth and against my thighs. Somewhere through my haze, it occurred to me that Cullen and I never once used protection. It wasn't even a thought whenever we did it because everything just seemed so natural, but now the thought of pregnancy left me anxious. I wasn't on any birth control. But the idea didn't seem all too frightening. I couldn't picture myself having a kid with anyone else but Cullen.

After my shower, I figured I'd watch a movie and call it a night, but as soon as I pulled on a pair of my pajamas, a knock came at the door.

My brows furrowed as I wondered who it could be. When I opened the door, I was shocked to find Cullen on the other side with some firewood in hand and a bottle of wine.

"What's going on?" I asked, genuinely curious.

“Weather report says it might snow late tonight. I figured you’d need this and some company,” he said.

“It’s July.”

“It’s Alaska,” he retorted with a raised brow.

I bit my lips and stood my ground. “Why are you really here, Cullen?” I asked as I rested my shoulder against the door post.

“I told you already,” he said. My heart dropped, but I quickly cleared my throat before my emotions overwhelmed me.

“I’m fine,” I said as I attempted to close the door in his face.

He reached out and stopped it with one hand, stepping an inch further. Sighing, he met my gaze and swallowed.

“I– I’m sorry, Jenna. For how I acted earlier, I shouldn’t have done what I did,” he said before clearing his throat.

I crossed my arms and looked at him. “You’ll apologize to Tim?”

His face hardened, his jaw clenching.

“I don’t regret what I did; I only regret making you upset,” he clarified.

“I’m still upset,” I said.

He looked over his shoulder and sighed once again. “Well, can we at least talk about it inside. It’s freezing out here.”

I bit my lips and, after a second, pushed the door open and moved aside so he could enter.

We moved towards the living room, and I took a seat, watching as Cullen placed the logs beside the fireplace. He then took a seat around the table, staring at me.

“I don’t know what you’re doing to me, Jenna,” he started off by saying. “It has only been a couple of days, but I can’t seem to stop thinking about you. I want you all the time, and if I don’t have you, it feels like I’m losing my mind,”

I licked my lips, feeling my heart begin to race in my chest.

“For the first time in my life, it feels like I have something to live for,” he said.

My lips quivered, and a burst of emotions erupted inside of me. It was hard to believe that it was Cullen saying these words, but I was witnessing everything as he sat before me with his eyes gone soft – the big bad wolf seemingly hidden.

“We must be losing our minds,” I said, choking up a laugh.

He smiled, a straight line of teeth on full display.

“I’m falling for you, Cullen,” I said.

“I think I’m in love with you, Jenna,” he said.

I laughed, tears resting at the brink of my eyes as I moved over to him and sat on his lap. I clasped his face with my hands as I looked into his eyes. He leaned into me, circling his big hands around my waist before our lips met.

I moaned as desire shot through me. I knew I’d already been wet because from the very moment Cullen arrived at my doorstep, my body had been quick to respond to him. Now that my body was against his, my desire grew tenfold. There was no resisting him even if I tried.

I straddled my legs over his and kissed him hard while his hands roamed over and under my shirt, his touch sizzling against my skin.

His erect manhood was just beneath me, growing more solid with each passing second. I could feel my wetness pool between my thighs and wanted so much to feel Cullen inside me again.

I started to grind on him through our clothes, our kiss becoming sloppier as our sexes ached to be reunited. His erection poked at my lady-parts, and I knew that if it weren’t for our clothes, he’d be inside me.

Desperate for that to happen, I got up, breathing heavily, as I shoved off my pajama bottom and watched as Cullen did the same to his pants.

He sat back down on the chair and stroked his pulsating flesh for a few seconds before I went back over and straddled him, impaling myself on his hard length. I sighed, closing my eyes in pleasure as inch after inch escaped into my tiny hole. My flesh stretched to its limit accepting him, but I was happy that there was no resistance as he effortlessly made his way in.

Cullen grunted, hands planted on my hips as he gently eased me down on his full length. When he was buried to the hilt, he drew his mouth across mine, hungrily licking down my neck as I slowly moved on him.

A loud tear and the tapping of buttons on the hardwood floor were what alerted me to the fact that he had ripped my blouse open. My hard nipples stood out at him, pert and pink and pointing directly at him. Cullen’s hungry gaze inspected them, his mouth slightly agape

before he dipped his head and took one soft swell into his mouth. I moaned, a gasp following suit as his teeth grazed across my sensitive nipple, a shiver running down my spine, causing me to clench on him.

“Oh, you feel so good,” I whispered, throwing my head back as I rolled myself onto him.

“Not as good as you, baby,” he said as he took a fist full of my hair and pried my head back. I gasped, a bit taken off guard by the roughness but even more aroused. “Your pussy is so fucking hot and wet for me. How can I not lose my mind if another man even dares come close to you,” he muttered, slathering his mouth over my tits again and sucking on them.

“Ahhh!”

“Tell me if I’m too rough for you, sweetheart.”

“Yes, Daddy,” I mewled.

His eyes darkened.

“Say it again.”

“Yes, Daddy!”

He grunted before he picked me up and placed me on my feet. He flipped me around and made me lean over on the table, my face pressed against the furniture and my ass propped up in the air.

My breathing became more frantic as I anticipated what Cullen would do as he stood before me. My insides clenched, and I could feel my juices trailing down my legs.

“Do you want Daddy again, sweet girl?” He asked as he reached for my hands and placed them behind me.

“Yes,” I said, my mouth gaping open as he held both my wrists in one of his hands.

“Beg for it.”

I licked my lips, trying to catch a glimpse of him over my shoulder.

“Please, please. I want you so muc–” my words stopped short as soon as he rammed himself into me, my body shifting on the table that would maybe cause a bruise later. My yelp echoed through the house as Cullen plunged into me repeatedly, his pelvis smacking against my asscheeks. He still held my hand but released them after a few minutes. He was big and filling every crevice inside me with hard strokes that had me clasping around his length.

“You’re mine, Jenna. Every inch of you. I’ll fucking commit murder this time around if someone dare touches you or even looks at you too

much!" He said between clenched teeth, still moving like a rocket inside me.

I couldn't find the words to say, but I knew he meant every word of it. I could feel it with each stroke and the passion in his already bassy voice.

I quivered as my orgasm took its course, my body completely abandoned to the pleasure that assailed every single inch of my form. Cullen continued to fuck me, giving me orgasms over and over again until I feared I'd pass out from all the pleasure.

Then I felt something happening inside me. An even more powerful wave of pleasure building up from deep within my core. This feeling was different, it felt urgent and was coming fast, ripping through me violently. But just as it was about to peak, I felt an urge, like I wanted to pee.

"I want to pee!" I shouted, but Cullen didn't stop he kept on fucking me even after all my orgasms.

"You're about to squirt… Oh yes, squirt for me baby … fucking squirt for me," he ordered through gritted teeth, pummeling even harder and more determined as if the idea of me squirting all over his cock while he was still fucking me turned him on immensely.

"Come on … don't tense," he instructed.

Then I felt a firm spank on my ass. *Splat!*

"Bad girl … bad, baaad girl …"

Splat! Splat!

Two more quick, firm spanks across my asscheeks. The sound echoing through the room.

"I can feel you tensing … Just relax … Be a good girl. Just let it flow … let it come, Baby." His voice throaty, low and insistent. A man on a mission.

"Squirt for me…. Arrrh … Squirt for me, my Sweet-Little-Thing… Arrhh … Arrhhh … Squirt … Squirt for Daddy."

Fuck, I'd never squirted before and I didn't want to. I didn't want to make a wet mess all over his table and floor, but it seemed as if he was too aroused by the kink of having me squirt for him to worry about the mess I would make.

I tried my best to hold it back, but he was determined to get the squirt out of me, he kept on pounding, bringing me closer and closer to my peak. The pleasure was doubling over in me quickly. It was too

much for me to bear, I just couldn't hold back my squirt a second longer. Then I felt the most powerful, body-wracking pleasure I had ever felt as the squirt erupted through me, a warm thick stream spraying on and on with such great force it caused me to shake uncontrollably as it wreaked havoc on my entire soul.

"Oh shit! Oh fuck, I'm squirting, I'm fucking squirtinggg!" My warm liquid dousing his cock, the table and the floor without prejudice, and even after ten-seconds passed I was still squirting as he continued his wicked onslaught.

"Yes baby, you're doing good …Arrhhh … You're doing fucking great!" He encouraged, as my knees buckled underneath me. I couldn't stand anymore. I was slipping off the table, and he grabbed me tight by either side of my waist, held me still and continued to fuck ever last ounce of squirt out of my body, grunting like a wild animal as he rammed into me, giving me non-stop pleasure.

"Fuck!" He exclaimed before he pulled out, leaving me empty and quivering. The warm blast of his cum hit my buttocks, slipping betwixt my crack and trailing down my pussy and my legs. When he was done, a cloudy puddle was mixed with my squirt on the floor, right between my legs. My body still sporadically shaking from just the mere aftermath of such a huge orgasm.

I was totally spent, I was too exhausted to even blink – too satisfied to do anything but bask in the aftermath of such wonderful sex.

Cullen leaned over and kissed me on the shoulder before he picked me up and carried me to the shower. He washed every inch of me with such delicacy that was far from how he'd been just minutes ago. I clung to his huge form as he bathed me, making me feel the safest I'd ever felt in my life.

When he was done, he wrapped me in a towel and carried me to the bed. I snuggled up to the sheets with a smile on my face, feeling like I was in a dreamlike state. After lighting the fire pit, Cullen returned, moving beneath the covers behind me.

He spooned me, wrapping me into his warm embrace, his warmth spreading throughout my body.

"You could never be a rebound, Cullen. You're the only man I've ever felt this way with," I whispered and felt his hold on me slightly tighten.

He kissed me on the neck. "I don't want you to leave," he said, and my heart lurched. I turned around to him to see his gaze as he talked. His grey eyes were soft, and somehow, he seemed so much younger.

“You want me to stay?” I asked, feeling a stinging in my eyes.

“I meant what I said earlier. It’s only been a couple of days, but I feel like a new man with you, Jenna. I don’t want to lose that.”

I blinked a couple of times. “I – my whole life is back in LA. I have to get back to my job once the summer is over –”

“Then spend the rest of the summer with me then,” he said. “Let’s just enjoy the time we have,” he said, kissing me softly.

I conceded to that idea but knew that when the summer ended, we would be right back to this conversation, and I knew it would be harder because by then, I would be fully head over heels in love with this beast.

***

The next day when Cullen went into the town, I dragged my sweetly aching body out of bed and picked up my phone, deciding to give my mom a call.

“Hey, sweetheart, how are you?”

“I’m great, Mom. Never better.”

“Mmm, someone sounds like they’re enjoying their little break,” she teased.

I smiled and bit my lips. “I am. Mom, there’s something I’ve gotta tell you,” I said as I took a seat and adjusted my robe.

“What is it, honey? Is everything okay?”

I swallowed hard. “Er, I’m in love with someone,” I said.

She laughed softly. “Of course, I know that, honey. You and Kyle are perfect together,” she chirped.

“We’re actually not, Mom. We broke up three weeks ago,” I said, listening to the momentary silence on the other end. “I found out he was cheating on me with Emma.”

“What?” She gasped, horror filling her voice.

“I came here because I thought it would be good for me to get over him, and I have. I feel so happy, Mom.”

“Wh– Jenna why didn’t you tell me?” She exclaimed.

I sniffed. “You guys loved Kyle so much I didn’t know how to break the news to you.”

“Of course we did, but we love you so much more. Your happiness is all that matters to me.”

I brushed at my tears. “I’m sorry for not letting you know earlier. I was so embarrassed.”

“Oh, honey! I can’t believe they did that to you — I always told you that Emma was no friend of yours. You didn’t believe me.”

I managed a smile through my tears, remembering that to be true.

“But I don’t understand; who are you in love with if not Kyle?” She asked.

Anxiety rose to my chest again. “I met someone here,” I said, wondering if she even heard what was said.

“What, honey, you haven’t been there a week,” she reasoned.

“I know, Mom, but he’s everything that Kyle isn’t. I have never felt this way before–”

“Listen to me, you’re just fresh out of a heartbreak; this isn’t love, sweetheart. This is just you trying to heal your heart.”

“Mom, I know what I feel, and I’ve decided to stay here for the rest of the summer.”

“Jenna!”

“Trust me on this, Mom, please.”

After a moment of brief silence, she released a deep sigh.

“Okay, but try not to be heartbroken again once summer’s over.”

That left me with something to think about.

For the rest of the holiday, Cullen and I lived like the world would end anytime soon. He took me hiking, and bear sighting, and for the rest of the time, I was in his bed, or he was in mine. We talked about everything and did all that a small town allowed, but as it drew closer to the end, the elephant in the room grew bigger. It was a topic we avoided until the very last minute.

The night before I left, Cullen and I stayed curled together in bed. I figured he was fast asleep, but I couldn’t seem to close my eyes, busy thinking about what would become of us come the following day.

“I can hear you thinking, you know,” Cullen said, and I almost gasped in fright hearing his voice in the dead silence.

I turned around to face him, seeing the question in his eyes. “Just thinking about tomorrow,” I confessed. “I wish I could stay, but I have so many things that need taking care of in the city.”

“I know,” he said as he trapped a lock of hair behind my ear. “But I've been thinking… what if I come with you?”

My eyes widened, a smile teasing the corners of my lips. “You’d do that?”

“I love you, Jenna and I don’t want to lose you – not even for a minute.”

My lips quivered. “But what about your job – your life here?” I asked, my voice shaky.

“I can find something else, and my life will be perfect as long as you’re with me,” he smiled. “Plus, I think I need a new start; the people don’t even like me here.”

“I love you,” I said, smiling at him with my heart soaring with happiness. “You have no idea how happy you’ve made me. I've been stressing these past few weeks, not knowing what would happen to us,” I exclaimed with a short laugh.

“Well, you don’t have to worry your pretty little head about anything for as long as I live.”

A grin plastered my face as I reached for him and kissed him, enjoying how his beard tickled my skin. A few more minutes, and we were lost in the throes of passion. My heart felt like it would burst open with joy because I would never have imagined that a trip aimed at healing my broken heart would actually lead me to the love of my life.

Epilogue

Cullen

I entered our bedroom to find Jenna standing on the balcony through the double doors. She had on a sheer nightgown that brushed her ankles and was almost translucent as the warm glow of the sunset shone on her. Her hair was out and even longer than it had been when we met. It brushed her ass, bringing my attention to the pert little mound being caressed by the soft fabric.

As if sensing my presence, she turned around and smiled, my heart galloping at the sight of her beautiful face. She was radiant, and every inch of her carried a glow I could never get tired of seeing. But now, she seemed to take my breath away more than any other day. She was beautiful – skin like ivory and her hair like fire.

As she turned to face me, my eyes lowered to her small breasts with nipples straining against her gown. I could see the faint tinge of their pinkness and could feel my manhood stir in my boxers. Jenna's eyes lowered to my midsection, and she visibly swallowed, a little color warming her cheeks.

I moved toward her, unable to help myself as I reached for the flare of her hips and rested my hands there. She smiled as she wrapped her hands around my neck and kissed me softly against the lips. Fire coursed through every inch of my body as I trailed my hands along her body and inhaled a heavy whiff of her heady cologne.

I wanted her all over again despite having had her earlier in the morning. But I'd been away for the entire day and had missed her- I couldn't stop thinking about coming home to her. I wondered when this obsession would end, when I could actually look at my wife and not want to be deep inside her. Not that I was complaining, but I simply found it amazing that I couldn't have enough of her over the three years we'd been together. I was the luckiest bastard alive – I knew that now and knew that for as long as I lived, my cock would still stand for this woman.

She moaned against my lips and ran her fingers through my mass of loose hair. Each second with her was making me harder, and as she deepened the kiss, I knew there was no turning back.

"How did I become so lucky?" I asked as I kissed along her cheeks and then to her neck.

"I could ask the same thing about myself," she said as she reached

for my cock. The breath hitched in my throat as her slender fingers wrapped around the length of it.

Pulling her up into my arms, I carried her inside the bedroom and dropped her on the bed. Her gown shifted, leaving one of her ripe nipples exposed to my hungry gaze.

“Fuck!”

Feeling like time was against me, I pulled off my shorts and moved between Jenna’s legs. She gathered her gown over her hips and left me in perfect view of her pretty, pink, bald pussy. Her small hands reached for me, bringing my face to hers as she kissed me passionately. My cock twitched, and unable to resist for a moment longer, I plunged into her, grunting as her warmth consumed the entire length of me.

She sighed against my lips and pushed her hips down to meet my thrusts. My body grated against her; I could feel her hard nipples rubbing against my chest as I fucked her with my face now buried at her neck. I sank deep into her, enjoying her whimpers each time it hit home. Her tightness squeezed around me, and I felt myself spasm as I plunged deeper.

This was home. Moments like this with Jenna made me feel complete. Her touch was like a pacifier, and I couldn’t get enough. As sweat beaded on our bodies, the pressure increased as well as an animalistic need to fuck Jenna as hard as I could. I propped myself on one hand, staring down at her while the other hand went to caress her breast.

“Yes, just like that, Daddy!” she whimpered. I gritted my teeth as I fucked her, sliding against the creamy walls of her tight pussy. Her mouth formed an ‘O’ as I swelled inside her, pounding her harder.

I grunted as Jenna’s tightness hugged me even tighter, but I couldn’t go much further. With a growl, I buried myself deep and collapsed on top of her, dispensing my cum deep within her.

When I was finished, I rolled off her and laid on my back as I tried to catch my breath. We remained silent for a few seconds as Jenna tried to do the same.

“I think that one did the trick. I’m confident there’ll be a baby this time,” I said as I rolled over on my side and pulled her close.

She smiled shyly and bit her lips as she stared at me. “I don’t think so.”

My heart dropped, the smile immediately fading from my face. Swallowing the lump in my throat, I sought some answers. “You don’t

think we'll be successful this time around either?"

She smiled as she shook her head, and quite frankly, I was confused.

"Babe, why are you smiling."

"Because I'm already pregnant, you big teddy bear," she grinned.

The confusion still hadn't left my face but after processing what she'd said, my eyes widened, and my mouth fell open as joy erupted in me.

"What?" I asked as I bounded upright.

Jenna laughed, her eyes glossy with tears as she nodded. "We're gonna be parents, Cullen!"

I blinked a few times and raked my hands over my face, somehow still finding it hard to believe but feeling like the happiest man alive at the same time. My eyes grew foggy as I reached for Jenna and pulled her in for a tight hug. I couldn't remember the last time I cried, but Jenna's shoulders were soaked at the moment. She was crying too but was laughing as well, and I couldn't get a grip on myself.

"We'd been trying for two years, and it's finally happened," I croaked, briefly pulling apart to look at her. "How long have you known?"

She sniffed. "This morning. I was waiting for you to get back from work."

I nodded and raked my hands through my hair as my gaze searched her still-flat tummy. I touched the spot where the little human would grow and felt a flutter in my heart.

"You're going to be the best dad ever, Cullen."

I managed a smile. "You truly think so?"

"With every bit of my heart."

I pulled her in for a hug again and kissed her softly before whispering against her ear. "You complete me."

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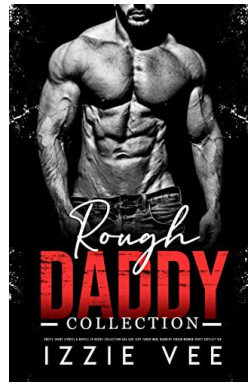

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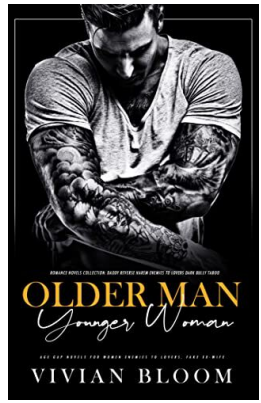

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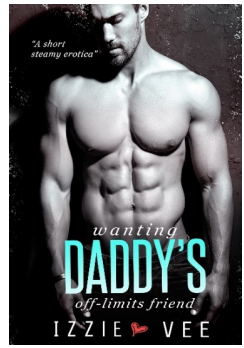

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SAMPLE

I couldn't believe that I was about to head off to college and never had a sexual experience in my life. The person I considered my boyfriend in my senior years of high school was initially the person I thought I would take the big step with but later found that he only had one intention in mind, and that was to fuck the only girl in our year who was rumored to still be a virgin – me. It had hurt, and I had broken off the relationship with a few heated words thrown at him but later realized there wasn't much I wanted out of the relationship either rather than sex.

I didn't want to be a virgin anymore, so I picked the boy that had given me the most attention and decided that he was the one. Unfortunately, he wasn't and here I was, about to head off to college with my hymen intact.

If it were only based on desire alone, then my dream guy would be the one who came over to my house every now and then with all his charm and kindness. He was the first crush I ever had, but I knew there was nothing I could make of the relationship considering he was my father's best friend.

Connor was everything I wanted in a man; he was sweet, kind, caring, incredibly handsome, and packing for his age. He taught gym at the college that I was accepted into, which made my excitement all the more profound. Dad said that Connor would be there to look out for me as he had always done, and I … ***To continue reading get your FREE DOWNLOAD HERE.***